Death. How fast it came. My spirit watches as my body is taken. My body is taken to Korriban and burned. Before though, it is placed on display in the form of crucifixion for two days with the weapons of those who died fighting him. My body is burned through use of force lightning. A good end for a man at war. Or so I thought.

An apprentice found my grave. He left and then came back with 11 more apprentices and convinced them that they should have duels and who ever was left alive would be favored by my spirit. Each of the apprentices took up one of the light sabers i had taken from enemies, the one who had convinced them of this taking mine. They fought hard and the first 6 were dispatched in a slaughter. The one with my lightsaber taking his opponents hands and feet off before realizing that my blade, due to the sigil crystal, could lite some objects on fire. He then, while his opponent was alive put the saber an inch from his opponent's face, killing the boy after a brutal half hour. The remaining six fought again and the one with my lightsaber slaughter his opponent, while the other two victors struggled in their victory.

 The last round consisted of the three victors. The one with my lightsaber killed the first apprentice quickly, and then engaged in a lengthy battle with the remaining apprentice. The one with my lightsaber made a mistake and was then stabbed through his brain by his opponent, who the unleashed a torrent of force lightning against him. Then ripped of the head of the one with my lightsaber. I had favored him.